

"... et la bouche, et le nez, et les yeux, et la tête ..."

Editorial . . .

Setting The Standards Too High

What kind of standards do we set for our public school teachers? What do we expect of them, once outside the four walls of a classroom? Do we expect too much?

Recently, a survey was conducted among the parents of children attending two schools in North York. The results are published elsewhere in this newspaper.

It would appear that parents, particularly fathers, have established a special code of conduct for women teachers that does not hold true for women in other professions.

For instance, they shouldn't smoke in public; they shouldn't drink in public; they shouldn't make political speeches; they shouldn't run for political office and they shouldn't go out on strike.

In a similar survey conducted throughout the whole of the United States, strong disapproval was recorded for both men and women teachers on each of the aforementioned

questions plus — dating between teachers and students; playing cards for money and absenteeism from church.

It is quite likely that if such a questionnaire was submitted to parents here in Stouffville, the percentage result would be much the same.

Personally, we can see nothing so terribly wrong with a lady school teacher smoking in public any more than a lady nurse or stenographer. And why shouldn't she be allowed to make political speeches or run for political office? We feel instead, that this should be encouraged rather than criticized. As for her attendance at church, we feel that this is strictly a personal matter and really nobody's business.

School teachers are only human and should be treated as such. To adhere to a special code of conduct as expected by many, they would resemble nothing more than a tortoise with its head hidden under a protective shell.

The Family Doctor

An inquiry into circumstances under which foreign-born medical people are admitted to practice in Canada, particularly Ontario, would be in order. The medical associations have been accused of arbitrariness. We feel that the public interest should come first.

There is a shortage of doctors. When the need arises, the patient is not interested in the physician's color, so long as he is competent to effect a cure.

Only recently, delegates to the Conference of Health Services at Ottawa were told that Canada faces a growing shortage of general practitioners and the situation could soon become critical. In many areas already, the situation is precarious and

they face a total disappearance of the 'family doctor'. The tendency to specialize in medical schools is producing greater pressure on the few remaining general practitioners.

Here in Stouffville, some of us are fortunate in having 'a true family doctor' that we can trust and hold in high esteem. However, some modern doctors are now bright young men who work four days a week, have unlisted telephone numbers, refuse night calls and have all messages relayed by an answering service.

It is indeed a fact, that the family physician is becoming an extinct breed. Rural areas are finding it difficult to lure doctors but still, many foreign-born medical people are finding it equally difficult to obtain permission to practice in this Province.

Let's Not Overdo It

Ever stop to think how many organizations there are in town, all doing a certain amount of charitable work, and taking the effort and time of a great many people? If they all decided to hold consecutive meetings, the combined operations of approving minutes, reading correspondence and considering new and unfinished business could well take the best part of a working day.

One enterprising newspaperman recently made an attempt to find out just how many organizations there were in his town. He tallied up more than a hundred groups of one kind and another.

It can be estimated in Stouffville that there are an average of a half dozen meetings every night in view of the fact that there are seven different churches, along with all manner of

clubs and municipal organizations.

In a short time now all these organizations will be electing officers for the new year. It's obvious that a number of people are volunteering their time and effort in a great many causes. There are always just so many people who are willing to support these clubs, and the more there are, the more thinly spread is the effort. Between service clubs, youth organizations, minor sports, school groups, professional groups, and church groups the involvement is tremendous.

Possibly fewer organizations which might be stronger, might do just as well, but there's no doubt that many individuals spread themselves too thinly. They could possibly be more effective by working harder in fewer groups. We think it's worth a thought.

Canadians Lead In World Travel

If dollars spent is the best yardstick, Canadians are among the world's greatest travellers. In 1964 Canadians spent \$230,000,000 travelling overseas, an increase of \$33,000,000 over 1963. Canadians travelling in the United States spent another \$483,000,000.

With a population nearing 20,000,000 that means Canadians averaged \$35 per capita on travel last year and probably spent even more this year.

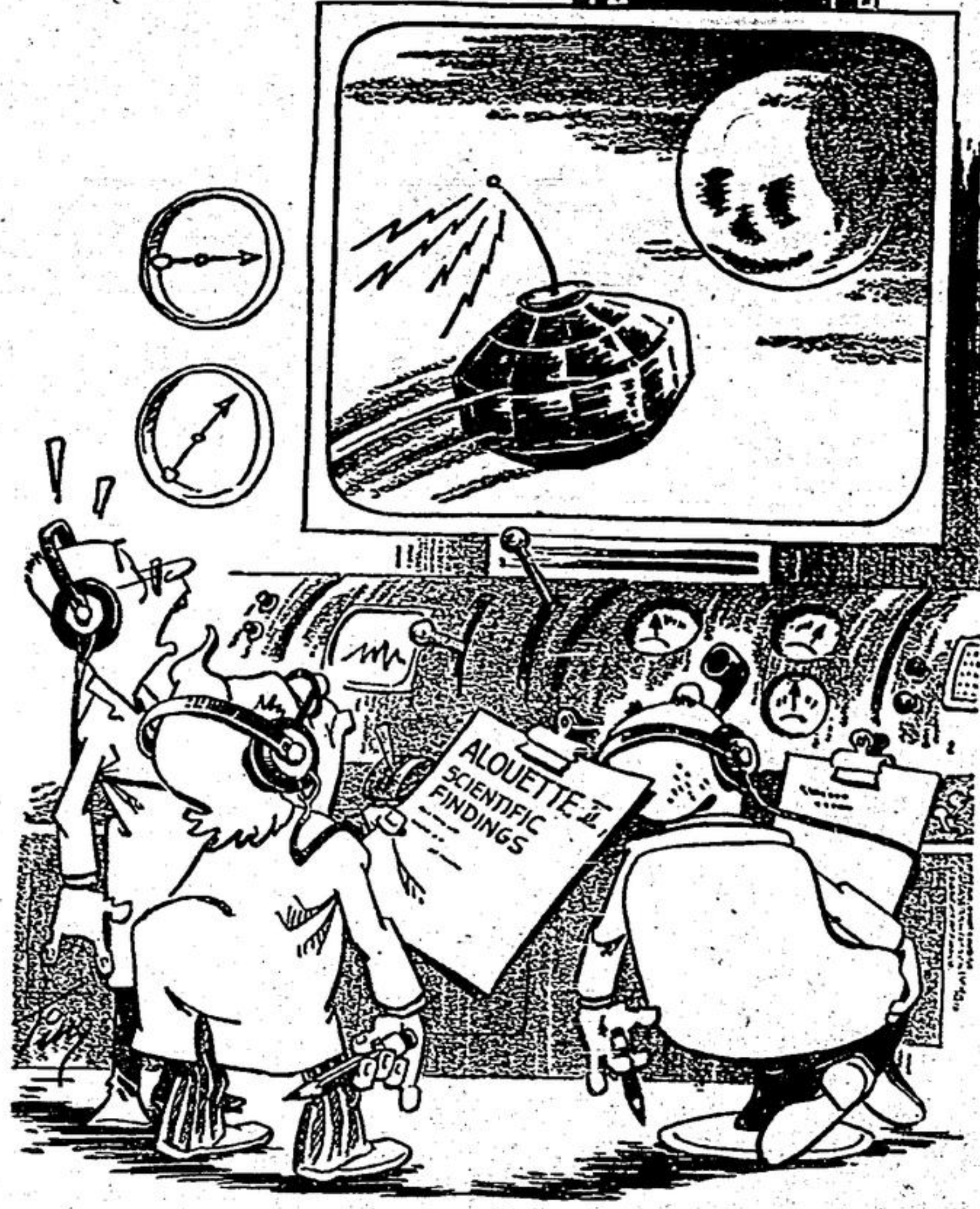
On foreign travel we averaged about \$12 a head, which is higher than the \$11 per capita registered in the United States. One survey showed that 23 per cent of Canadians planned to take vacation trips outside North America with nearly two-fifths of them expecting to visit Britain. The runner-up, and this will surprise,

was Japan with 18.5 per cent.

More and more Canadians are taking winter vacations and relying on weekend rests from their work in our summer time. The jet plane is sending them to faraway places that are no longer so far away in time.

For those whose appetites have been whetted by a taste of the foreign future is bright indeed. Experts predict lower travel fares in every field of long-distance transport. They foresee 200-mile-an-hour luxury trains; cars automatically controlled moving along super highways at 100 m.p.h.; huge liners offering mass comfort and safety to ocean travellers, and supersonic airliners whizzing across the North Atlantic in 2½ hours.

If to go is to know, the world is likely to acquire sharply-increased wisdom in the next score of years.



SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

WE HAD A WING-DING

Boy, there's nothing like a week-end in the city to relax you. Every so often, rigid with the tension of smalltown living, my family and I tear up the budget, fling it and caution to the winds, and have a wing-ding.

At least, last week-end, we had a good excuse for a wing-ding. Our baby, the brown-eyed butterball whose diapers we'd changed with delight, the little boy we'd taught to swim and skate, was playing the lead role in his college musical.

Everything, as usual with a Smiley family wing-ding, went according to plan. We get our plans from the chap who used to write the sketches for the Three Stooges.

Night before, had a small party. Next morning, both alarm clocks didn't go off, as they always don't do in such cases. Half an hour late, picked up our passenger, a nun (don't ask me to go into all this), and took off.

I was glad I'd practised low-flying in the air force. The two hour trip to the city took one hour and 22 minutes. There were almost 3 minutes of that (I kept count) in which Sister Ste. Bonaventure and my wife were not talking. Excitedly.

Checked in at the hotel. The girls went in all directions. I tried a combination of coffee, morning papers, and hair of the dog, which tasted rather strongly of wing-ding. Boiled wing-ding.

Before I'd even begun to wish I were home, the family was there: old woman eager to talk to kids; Kim, full of ideas about things we hadn't time or money for; Hugh, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and broke.

Lunch. For four \$12.50. Had promised Kim she could buy a guitar with the money she'd earned playing organ at church. Went to music store. Went through half-hour of 70 adolescents playing 70 musical instruments, simultaneously.

Visit to one of those wild record stores, to pick up a Bob Dylan record and the latest Rolling Stones (more organ money). I stood outside and watched the hoods go in Wished I were a hood and had no family.

Scramble back to hotel. All hands try guitar. Fix up faces. Rush by cab to buy roses for leading lady. Leading man broke, still.

Fly to theatre. Thrill to brown-eyed butterball (see above) singing, dancing without disgracing family. Totter back to hotel (brown-eyes off to post-production party which lasted until dawn).

Try to convince Kim (14 and with first eye-shadow on) that it's bedtime, not coffee-house, folk-singing time. Succeed by falling asleep in middle of speech. Wake up to chaps watching late movie. Order tea all around. At 40 cents a tea-bag.

Can't sleep with traffic outside banging, crashing, screeching, hooting, and drunks next door laughing, singing, shouting.

Four-thirty a.m., the old woman smells smoke. Snarl at her. Seven a.m. she wakes me, triumphantly. Below is the fire truck. Outside our door are six firemen. Seems there was a blaze in next room, where the drunks were. Try to sleep.

Seven-fifty a.m. Kim wants action. A walk, breakfast, anything. Snarl at her. Nine a.m., church tower across street begins bonging bell. Snarl at organized religion.

Old Battleaxe can't sleep. At 9.30, have to give learned, literary criticism of kid's performance of previous evening. At 10.30, Kim starts binding about going to a movie. At noon, the star turns up hungry, broke.

I suggested cheap lunch and home. Vetoced. Everyone wants Chinese food. Swinging Chinese dinner at four p.m., Sunday afternoon. Try it: \$12.00. Check out. Leave son looking lonely. Momma cries. Dad drives 100 miles home through the light-glare of 7,000 drunken deerhunters heading back to city.

Everyone sleeps on way home. Dad wheels into garage, leaps out, kisses floor of garage. Nothing like a wing-ding in the city to get you away from smalltown nerves.

In The Editor's Mail

Stouffville, Ont. Nov. 30/65.

The Editor, Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

The Stouffville Players would like to say a very sincere "Thank you" to the people of Stouffville for their support of our last production.

Stouffville Players
Jean O'Neill,
Secretary.

R.R.3 Stouffville, Ont.
December 4, 1965.

The Editor, Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Jim,

For many years we have been concerned with how we could make our family Christmas a more Christian celebration. Last year we made a decision which we believe has helped greatly in this way and we would like to share our plan with your readers.

Our family Christmas gift was the "adoption" of a needy child in Hong Kong through the Foster Parents Plan. No other gift was exchanged between my husband and myself and we spent considerably less money on other family members so that they also might share in the giving to our foster son. While it is true that the support of this child costs much more than we would spend on other Christmas gifts it has not seemed difficult to send the money once we actually became involved. We feel that this action has been of immense benefit to all our family members and we know without a doubt what it has meant to the family in Hong Kong.

We chose to work through the Foster Parents Plan because this agency benefits the whole family and not only the child. Each child receives a monthly cash grant and a monthly clothing or equipment gift. The whole family receives medical attention and all family emergencies are cared for. The only obligation is that the child must go to school. The foster parents are given a photo and family history of the child and translation of monthly letters is supplied. Such an adoption costs \$192.00 payable half-yearly (\$96) or monthly (\$16- which ever you wish. There are other agencies with somewhat similar plans and Foster Parents have a special fund of donations from those who do not feel able to assume the entire obligation. I believe that the Canadian Save the Children Fund arrange sponsorship of children for less than half this amount.

Surely among your readers there are several families who would find their Christmas celebration could be enriched in this way.

Sincerely,
A Glasgow Family.

Foster Parents Plan,
P.O. Box 65, Station B
Montreal, Que.

Canadian Save the Children Fund,
60 Hayter Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Roamin' Around . .

At the same time on the same day the same kind of attraction was staged in two different ways in two different communities. Both were successful. Here in Stouffville, Santa Claus arrived from the north (side of Main Street) to take up residence in his familiar chalet. Down in Markham, St. Nick began his long ride atop the town's fire truck from the north (side of Ramoia Blvd.) and west on Hwy. No. 7. Which attraction better accomplished its intended purpose? For the adults, the Markham parade, termed 'the best ever', far surpassed a two-minute trek through Santa's sitting-room in Stouffville. But Santa Claus and Christmas itself, as we now know it, is not for adults. It's for the children. What gives the kids the biggest thrill — a procession of bands, clowns and floats or a private conversation on Santa's knee? This is something we'll never know. We do know that Markham's parade on Saturday was a dandy. We know too, that 686 boys and girls enjoyed a visit with St. Nick in Stouffville. Some of the same attended both and the sparkle in their eyes told no different story.

The Markham procession was good mainly because it wasn't elaborate. You can see the professional stuff in Toronto. In a village of 6,500, folks don't expect it. It took fifteen minutes for it to pass a given location and was led by pretty Colleen Cork, baton-twirling titlelist over Hamilton way. There were bands, three of them, including the Markham Collettes; the Scarboro Sea Cadets and the Scarboro Firefighters. The best float in terms of work and imagination was entered by the Markham Veteran's Association under the nameplate of "The Good Ship Lollypop." The most eye-catching single participant was Betty Reeve aboard a high-prancing Arabian. There were many close seconds, too numerous to mention. The crowds was tremendous, likely the largest in Markham's history for one event. They lined the curb on both sides all along the route expanding to three or four deep in the area of the Shopping Plaza. We must mention, of course, that Alma Walker "the revee of all the people" was there, riding in open convertible style with the chief "of all the people" Fred White. All in all, we thought that it was an excellent effort and, believe it or not, we heard no complaints from any of the adults which, in itself, must be some kind of record.

While our thoughts are down Markham way, we noticed a large sign recently on one of the back streets that read — "Don't smile, you may be on radar."

John Pugh of Stouffville, RR 4, has done it again. In keeping with his policy of former years, he acquired the first set of license plates at the Murphy Bureau on Main St. E., for 1966. His number is H 71951. Robt. Fleming of Goodwood was the runner-up. Sales of '66 plates became valid on Dec. 1st.

"We always require a lot of loose change around Christmas time," commented local Main Street merchant, Len Wilkes one morning last week, pointing to a Brink's truck parked directly in front of his store.

Last week, The Tribune carried a report from the Agricultural Offices in Newmarket, claiming that the Jersey herd owned by Donald Mathews of Gormley, RR-2 was among the top three in York County. We have since learned that not only are the Mathews' cows the best in all the County, but the top producers in all of Canada, with records and awards to prove it.

Box 136, Markham, Ont.
Nov. 30th, 1965.

The Editor, Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Was it really illegal.

If so, why did the members of Markham Township Council persist in continuing the meeting on Monday, Nov. 29, 1965, after the Reeve had declared it adjourned?

Can the Reeve legally declare a meeting adjourned without the consent of a majority of council? Although the regular meetings of Markham Township Council are supposed to take place on Mondays, starting at 1:30 p.m. if they are to be held in the afternoon, the Reeve called a special meeting to start at 1:00 p.m.

The other members of council and the clerk seemed unsure of just what all was to be discussed at this meeting, but generally agreed that the prime purpose was for the considering of debenture bids. After this was dealt with, tenders for a culvert were opened and referred to the township engineer for his recommendation. Then a request for rezoning of an area from residential to industrial was presented and strongly advocated by the Reeve. Majority of council voted in favour of setting this matter over until the next regular meeting.

It was at this point that Reeve Hooper called for a motion to adjourn and when this was not forthcoming took on himself to declare the meeting at an end, observing that any additional business conducted would be invalid.

Deputy-reeve Rumble called for motion to continue, contending that as two matters other than the one for which the meeting had been called had already been discussed, the special aspect no longer prevailed and the meeting should continue, as a regular one in order to complete the agenda. This was carried and with the Deputy-reeve in the chair the meeting continued.

As no policy decisions were called for during the balance of the meeting, one wonders why the Reeve's objections. Surely it was not because the other members of council did not accede to his insistence that a by-law regarding the rezoning of property be pushed through at one meeting, during the dying hours of his administration.

Or was it?
Shades of the Shouldice expropriation and the drag-strip license.

Yours very truly,
F. R. Beard.

Lions Club Provides Greater Public Service Through Swimming Pool Facilities

STOUFFVILLE—The Stouffville Lion's Club reports that the municipal swimming pool provided a greater service to the community during the 1965 summer season than ever before. A heating unit was installed by the club last spring and it has certainly proved its worth. The revenue received for cash swimming for the 1965 season was \$2286.00 as compared to \$2050.00 in 1964. The number of season tickets sold in 1965 was 275 as compared to 226 in 1964, and 500 persons received swimming lessons in 1965 as compared to 300 in 1964. This was accomplished even though this summer was the coldest in 36 years.

However, the pool operated at a deficit, mainly because of the increased cost of operation due to the unseasonably cool weather and an increase in the cost of staff services. The increase in the cost of staff services was due to an increase in staff salaries to keep pace with the general increase in salaries and wages throughout the province, and because swimming instructors had to be hired for a longer period to accommodate the increased attendance at the swimming classes.

The pool is owned by the village of Stouffville and is operated by the Lion's Club, with Mr. Andrew Williams as manager. Under the terms of the contract the Lion's Club assumes the operating cost and the municipality the maintenance cost. This year the municipality paid \$783.55 for maintenance. After the operating and maintenance costs were paid this year a deficit of \$248.90 remained to be assumed by the Lion's Club.

With more favorable weather conditions next season, an even greater service can be anticipated through the pool facilities.

Lion Don Hiles, Chairman, Stouffville Lions Club, Swimming Pool Committee.

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